

BE KIND TO EACH OTHER.

Be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!
Then, midst our dejection,
How sweet to have earned
The blest recollection
Of kindness returned!

When day hath departed,
And Memory keeps
Her watch, broken hearted,
Where all she loved sleeps.
Let falsehood assail not
Nor envy disprove;
Let trifles prevail not
Against those ye love.

Nor change with to-morrow;
Should fortune take wing
But the deeper the sorrow,
The closer still cling!
O, be kind to each other!
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone!

MISCELLANEOUS.

The following article, is so perfectly expressive of the precocious state of manners in our town that several matrons are desirous that it should be published for the edification of our readers.

Miss Before Her Teens.

Mamma will you please to spread,
A little sugar on my bread,
And mama, dearest, if you please,
Just let me have a hunk of cheese,
Only a very little bit,
Sweet bread will eat so nice with it!
I'm growing too large now to be carried,
To-morrow, ma, main't I be married!

"Come, Helen," said Mrs. Henderson to her daughter, aged eleven, "put up your beads and trinkets and prepare to go to bed; it is almost eight o'clock."

"Indeed ma, I cannot afford to do any such a thing as to go to bed so soon," replied the young lady, "I'm entirely too old to be talked to in such childish language, and besides, Mr. Kingston is to be here at half-past eight; there's his card in the rack now."

Mrs. Henderson was dumb with astonishment for a few moments after her womanish daughter had done speaking, and prompted by curiosity she examined the rack, and sure enough, "the compliments of Mr. George Kingston," were there in old English letters, on a beautiful embossed card. Mr. George Kingston had just turned his thirteenth year, he wore a stock, and flourished a silver-headed cane. Mrs. Henderson amused herself with the little emblem of children's precocity, when replacing it in the rack, and seating herself near Miss Helen, she resumed the conversation by saying, "And so George Kingston is to be here at half-past eight is he?"

"Yes ma, when he sent his card up this morning, the message said accompanying it that he would be here at that hour."

"And for what purpose?"

"Why, to talk about every thing like other folks do."

"What sort of every thing?"

"Why, the balls, and the theatre, Hannington's diorama, the Ravens, and—"

"Poh child, hush, and bustle off to bed—you're a pretty minx to talk of entertaining a beau with balls and nonsense—come off with you."

"Minx! ma, what do you mean by that? Do you remember that I have been to boarding school?"

"Yes, child I remember that you have been to boarding school, and there's where you met with George Kingston, I suppose."

"Yes, ma, you know there's always a few moments leisure between the sets, and then the ladies and gentlemen promenade and talk about the weather and a thousand pretty things."

"And what sort of pretty things do you and George Kingston—"

"Ma, its Mr. Kingston; he's as much right to be called Mr. as any body. He rattaned Henry Cuthbert for slighting me in the waltz, and I don't like to hear him spoken of disrespectfully."

"Highly-tighty, Miss Henderson! and so I suppose we may expect a courtship soon?"

"Courtship, indeed! we are not so foolish as to waste time in courtship, I can tell you madam, and if you must know it, we have been engaged these two months!"

This was a secret worth knowing, and Mrs. Henderson, as soon as she received this information, prompted by curiosity, determined to await the arrival of Mr. Kingston, to see how the youthful lovers would demean themselves in her presence. In due time the little hero was announced, and after a few flourishes

of his silver-headed cane, seated himself and began to play the man.

"How did you like the manner in which Miss Fustian behaved the other evening, Miss Helen?" asked the infant wooer.

"At the ball? O horrible! she's the most ill-behaved young lady in the world, and she is to be married in four weeks—did you know it, Mr. Kingston?"

"I heard it in the theatre, last night; you ought to have been there, Miss Helen; the play was excellent, and Miss St. Fustian fainting. You cannot conceive how interesting she looked!"

"Fainted! O my gracious! What made her faint, Mr. Kingston?"

"She was so affected at Virginia's being stabbed by her father, Miss Helen."

"Well, I don't wonder at it, any thing at the theatre looks so natural, and she is a chicken-hearted creature. Did you ever see one so frightened as she was at the diorama?"

"She was very much frightened, Miss Helen, and tore off some of Mr. Wise's coat in clinging to him for support—she's to be married to Mr. Wise in the spring."

"To be married in the spring, and so young, why, ma, says I shan't these four years."

"She's a fortune, they say, Miss Helen; and Henry Howell says she must strike while the iron is hot."

"The young lady was courted years ago, Mr. Kingston, and her first lover died; she's been melancholy ever since, and some say she's in a decline; I wonder if it's true?"

"I don't know indeed—but the Ravens, Miss Helen, they're going away next week, and we must see them before they leave us; when can we go?"

"I can't tell exactly, Mr. Kingston, may be she'll go with us. Will you ma?"

"What are you talking about child?" asked the mother, lifting her eyes from a book she was pretending to read, though in truth she had been a listener to all that had been said, and it was a trial for her to preserve her gravity, during the animated and interesting discussion.

"Why," said Mr. Kingston, "I have invited Miss Helen to go and see the Ravens again, and she requested that you will accompany us, madam—will you be so kind?"

"O yes, ma, do, it will be so fine, you on one side of Mr. Kingston, and I on the other. I guess Miss Fustian and Miss St. Fustian would feel mighty flat; both their mothers forbid their beaux coming to the house any more, and they are obliged to meet away from home—do ma go with us will you?"

Mrs. Henderson had been exceedingly amused at their friendly chat, and she could hardly suppress a smile when she remembered that they had been engaged these two months—truly, thought she, they will make a lovely couple, he thirteen and she eleven, and they conversing with as much interest and freedom as if they were twenty; she laid her book aside for a moment, & soberly exclaimed—

"Well, I wonder what the world is coming to?"

The little lovers were completely thrown off the track of their tete-a-tete, for it was evident that the surprise of Helen's mother had arisen from their conversation, and her movement had too much meaning in it to be mistaken. Miss Helen looked at her mother with a fearful frown, and Mr. George Kingston shrugged up his shoulders and looked towards his hat. Discretion, on his part, was doubtless, the better part of valor.

He that loves and runs away,
Will live to love another day."

And after he had flourished his silver-headed cane, pulled out his watch from his pocket, and adjusted his collar, he rose to take his departure.

Miss Helen, after saying he need not be in a hurry—it was not late, and so on, seized upon the only light in the room, to illuminate the dark hall, which Mr. George Kingston was necessarily obliged to pass through to reach the street door, and away they walked, leaving Mrs. Henderson in total darkness, where she waited until she was tired, for the return of Helen with the light, and then followed to the door to ascertain what the loving couple were about, and they being so thoroughly absorbed in the ecstasy of affection, did not discover that she was looking at them, until she had seen Mr. Kingston kiss Helen several times—his arms was about her neck, and she was reclining very affectionately upon his shoulder, when the eyes of the young swain glanced to the right upwards, and encountered the gaze of the astonished mother. It is needless to say that Mr. George Kingston scampered off at a pretty considerable gate and Miss Helen returned mortified to the sitting room,

where her mother was sitting, having arrived there before her, was waiting with a fine pair of cat-o'-nine tails, which she soon put in operation, to the no little discomfort of the young lady's arrangements. The poor child thought it hard, that she should be so treated, merely for being in love, as to the kisses, why, she imagined they were perfectly in place. The mother thought otherwise; and from that time forward, Miss Helen was forced to bed at eight o'clock.

LETTER FROM REV. H. M. SCUDDER.

The Rev. Henry M. Scudder, a son of the Rev Dr. Scudder, who sailed from this country for Madras, about nine or ten months since, expresses the joy he feels in communicating his missionary labors in his native India, in the following terms, in a letter which appears in the Christian Intelligence—[H. M.]

How shall I begin to respond to ourselves? We are happy, I never so happy before. I feel that I am here, and no where else. I like the Tamil, like a true word, to express the oneness with which I turn to my mother tongue. I am making, I hope, some proficiency in it, and I expect to preach in Tamil the second Sunday in January, which is communion season at Rajapour. My heart is fixed upon acquiring a thorough knowledge of Tamil.

O! I am so busy—so joyfully busy. From morning to night I have plenty to do, and time runs very fast, and I am very, very happy—no time for despondency, or any such thing. I rejoice that I am here—out I do not stay in America. Here is the place, here are the circumstances, which give a reality, a force, a meaning to God's blessed word, which are not experienced in America. I go, and with R. men—I have him—and have had the honor of being invited through Chudretrephal, by some of the "phaser sort," who also pushed each other against us as we walked along; but when we got down to the police office, (you know where it is,) a Peon dispersed them.

We have a deep, interesting time here. Two boys in the school, (English) wished baptism. The friends, knowing that they wished to become Christians, came; they carried the boys off—gave one of them medicine—to let to make them recant. Out of the mouth of one of them, God ordained praise. One was sent from home to his uncle's; we have not seen him since. They took him to the temple and tried to make him slip ashes, but he persisted in confessing Christ. We can only pray for him, and we do so. The mother, and brother, and others, came yesterday; tears, and entreaties, and all such means, they used; but finally, the boy declaring that he would not go home, they left him, on condition that he should not be baptized for six months.

We rejoice that the Lord has so far blessed us in all these things. Pray for us, that we may be Christ's children indeed, and live worthy of our vocation in this dark land.

THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

"The Blackwood of America."

\$5 a year in advance.

B. B. MINOR, Editor & Proprietor;

Assisted by American South.

On the 1st of January next (1845), the Southern Literary Messenger commences its Eleventh Volume, and the patronage of the public is respectfully solicited for it. The present Editor has now conducted it for more than a year, and the encouragement he has received leads him to expect a large increase of subscriptions. As the work has been sustained, under no ordinary disadvantages, for a long time, it is entitled to the liberal support of every friend of letters. Its reliance for patronage will be upon the interest and justice of the public and its own literary merits. Escaping all humbug and extraneous flourishes, it will depend for its success upon its contents and character alone.

It is emphatically a Southern work, and appeals ex. rascally to the South, whose character and interest, literary and social, claims to uphold and promote. In the South, there are thousands, who can easily afford it, and they are particularly urged to come forward and assist in interesting its circulation.

The Messenger has now been established more than ten years, during which it has overcome many & great obstacles; and attained a wide circulation and a very high character. The efforts of the present Editor will be strenuously directed, not only to the preservation of its ancient fame, but also to its constant im-

provement. In this, the flattering testimonials he has received during the last twelve months, led him to believe that he has already succeeded.

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And many others in the South and nearly every state in the Union; some whose veils we would gladly remove.

The contents will be exceedingly varied, embracing reviews, tales, poems, essays, travel, sketches, biographies, history, popular sciences, papers on the Navy, Army, and other national interest, literary criticism, foreign and domestic, and analyses of new works. Suggestions to meet will be occasionally be inserted.

The leading principle is the promotion of a pure Native Literature, and of a devoted National Spirit. With this view the following premiums are offered:

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Many improvements will be introduced with a new volume, and the style remained still more excellent. As it aspires to be the Literary organ of the South and West, it is expected that they, and the North & East also, will liberally encourage it—as such. It congratulates the West on the success of their Naval Depot; a work of its own creation.

The Messenger contains on an average sixty four pages, a number, sixteen pages more than most of the \$3 Magazines; and twice as much as some of them; and is published monthly, at \$5 per annum. The volume, one year contains 765 Super Royal Octavo pages, at three quarters of a cent per page. Five copies for twenty dollars.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE

DEMOCRATIC BANNER

Published in Bowling-Green, Mo.

In taking charge of the editorial department of the "Banner," we deem it a duty which we owe to the public, to give an outline of the policy by which we shall be governed. Democrats from childhood, we shall advocate the principles of our party, not because we now see them triumphant and victorious; but because we believe them peculiarly adapted to the genius of our institutions; and necessary for the perpetuity of our Republican government.

In a spirit of manly candor we shall oppose what we deem the political heresies of our opponents; but we shall never descend to low and personal abuse or distinguished men.

We believe a National Bank unconstitutional and inexpedient; and at this time indeed an "obsolete idea." We shall steadily and firmly contend for the reduction of the Tariff to the compromise of 1832, believing the present odious act peculiarly unjust and unequal in its bearing upon the different portions of the confederacy. States-right politicians in the strictest sense of the term, we shall unceasingly war against the Distribution act, the Assumption of the State debts, and every other new-fangled notion having for its object the creation among the States of a feeling of dependence upon the General government. A plain, democratic, economical form of government, is what we wish to see; and we shall contend for the exercise by the States of all the rights and powers not clearly delegated by them through

the constitution to the General government.

In advance we say that we shall let the advocates of measures, and not of men; but we are free to confess that we have ever regarded James K. Polk as a fit exponent of democratic principles; and shall cheerfully give our feeble support to his favorite measures: the Independent Treasury, the regulation of the Tariff, the occupation of the Oregon, and last, though not least, the immediate annexation of Texas.

In our own State we are aware, that discord has pervaded our ranks; but we regard it more as the offspring of personal predilection and prejudice, than any real difference of principle. The union of our party entire, is our most cherished wish. We are all brothers advocating a common cause upon which may depend the perpetuity of our institutions. "Measures, not men; principles, not expediency," is our motto; and guided by that glorious motto, we shall endeavor to pour oil on the troubled waves of faction.

N. P. MINOR,
S. F. MURRAY,

TERMS OF THE BANNER.—For a single copy, \$2.00 in advance, if not in advance but during the year, \$2.50, if after the expiration of the year, \$3.00. For a club of six subscribers in advance, \$10.—for ten subscribers in advance, \$15.00.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CHEROKEE ADVOCATE.

THE CHEROKEE NATION, PROPRIETOR.—WILLIAM ROSS, EDITOR.

THE above is the title of a newspaper, published at TALLAHASSEE, Florida, the first number of which was issued about the middle of August last.

The object of the council of the nation, in providing for the publication of the Cherokee Advocate, is the physical, moral and intellectual improvement of the Cherokee people.—It will be devoted to these ends, and to the defence of those rights recognized as belonging to them in treaties legally made, at different times with the United States, and of such measures as seem best calculated to secure their peace and happiness, promote their prosperity, and elevate their character as a distinct community.

In commencing and sustaining a public journal in the nation, its success must depend very much upon the high feelings, liberality and patriotism of the citizens of the United States. Among them we are assured there exists generally a desire that the Indians should be dealt with upon just and liberal principles, a lively sympathy in their chequered career, and a deep interest in their character, condition and destiny. Ignorance of their condition, opinions, and claims, has been to them a fountain of many wrongs; a fountain from which they have been forced to drink many bitter draughts.

From this cause, measures of policy in themselves unjust, and highly destructive to their peace and prospects, have been conceived and persisted in to their recomplishments, with singular pertinacity, by those from whom they have a right to expect and claim protection. It will therefore, be the aim of those having charge of the Advocate, to enlighten public sentiment, as far as possible, as to the feelings, wishes and proper expectations of the Cherokees.

And while it is intended to make the paper national in its one and character, abstaining from all partisanship in the internal politics of the nation, it will nevertheless be open to full but courteous discussions of any measures of policy on the part of the United States, which touch upon or affect the rights and interests, not only of the Cherokees, but also of their red brethren.

TERMS:

The Cherokee Advocate will be printed on an imperial sheet, with new type, both English and Cherokee, once every week, at \$3 per annum, payable in advance. And to those subscribers, who read only the Cherokee language, at \$2 per annum, in advance.

Advertising will be done on the usual terms.

Cherokee Nation, Sept., 1844.
WILLIAM P. ROSS.

THE THOROUGH BRED JACK. Duncan.

HAVING purchased a large and thorough bred Jack for the purpose of improving the stock in this section of the State, breeders are respectfully requested to call and examine for themselves.

He will stand the ensuing season at my farm, four miles south east of Bowling Green. For further particulars, see hand bills in due time.

February 15th, 1845. JOHN SOUTH.

Spanish and Mele Segars, MANUFACTURED and constantly on hand and for sale at St. Louis prices, by J. Linder, Louisiana, Pike county, Mo. December 14th, 1844

The Climax of Cheapness.

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ON the first of January, 1844, the price of the Boston Notion was reduced to only One Dollar per annum, when taken in Clubs of Ten.—Four copies, \$5 per annum—1 copy \$2 per annum. The cash in all cases to accompany the order. This very great reduction from the former price of the Notion makes it emphatically the cheapest paper published in the world! Its Mammoth Dimensions taken into consideration renders it one hundred per cent. cheaper than its contemporaries, the New World and Brother Jonathan, and fifty per cent. cheaper than any of the Dollar Weekly's! Nothing but an extraordinary large edition—say 20 to 30,000—warrants this extraordinary cheapness.

The Notion is printed on extra fine paper, and in superior style, and continues the same wide range of literary novelties and general news as heretofore. Novels, Tales, Romances, Scientific and Religious matter—Agriculture, Oddities and Fun for the Million—Splendid Illustrations engraved expressly for the paper—Congressional Reports and the General News of the Day—continues to form the general weekly ingredients of its columns. There is each week something in it to suit every taste; and nothing of an objectionable character will ever be allowed to tarnish its columns. It is in all respects the most valuable and unconventional Family Newspaper in the United States!

The first number under this new arrangement was published on Saturday, Jan. 6, 1844, and in that number was commenced a Laughter moving Novel, being a humorous companion to Valentine Vox; which work alone rendered the Boston Notion when it was first established the most popular weekly in the United States. This new novel is entitled

SYLVESTER SOUND,

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By the author of "Valentine Vox, the Ventriloquist." The chapters each week are embellished with a highly finished illustration representing the humorous scenes in the work. The author in his preface says—"The character of the work will be essentially humorous, but containing as well as the laugh, some serious and some sentimental matter, may excite as it is intended to excite the deepest interest and the most vigorous mind, by the portrayal of the extraordinary positions in which a man who, notwithstanding his dreams may be played, and the highly ridiculous terror he may inspire." From the chapters we have published of this novel, we are satisfied it will be more popular than was "Valentine Vox." It is now in course of publication in London, and we have made arrangements to receive the different numbers in advance of all others, so the public may rest assured that we shall not be forestalled by any other paper in its publication.

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Orders should be addressed to the undersigned. Postmasters remitting us an order for Ten copies shall be entitled to an extra copy for their own use.

Back numbers of the Notion from the commencement of "Sylvester Sound," will be furnished to all new subscribers.

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January 18th, 1845. 4w10.

TAILORING.

THE subscriber wishes to inform the citizens of Bowling-Green and vicinity, that he has commenced the above business in this place. All work entrusted to his care shall be done in neat and fashionable style. Produce taken in payment of work at cash prices. Work will be done at reasonable prices, and guaranteed to fit.

A. J. WOMACK.
March 8th, 1845. 3w8